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THE *Presbyterian Review* of the 14th inst. publishes a cut and life of the Rev. John McNeill, called by his admirers "The Scottish Spurgeon." Born in 1854, Mr. McNeill is now about 35 years of age—in the very dawn of life. And yet his fame is filling the earth. He has been preaching for scarcely three years, and is to-day one of the three or four greatest preachers in Great Britain. There is some food for thought here for the gentry who are eternally crying up to us the non-essentiality of pulpit power. It may be answered that we cannot all be McNeills or Spurgeons—*nascitur, non fit orator*. There may be some truth in this if properly taken. But the difficulty is that men, instead of testing themselves to see how much bearing it has on their own particular case, are too apt to assume that they know by intuition all the undeveloped capacities of their being. It is surely a late day to remind our students of the Athenian stammerer whose name has been to all peoples and for twenty centuries a synonym for eloquence.

It was genius, we say, that inspired him and roused his dormant faculties to life. Probably it was. But while we believe that no great man ever existed who lacked some inner presagement of the future that lay before him, we also believe that it was only in the attempt to realize his dreams that the full vision of its possibilities burst upon him. And certainly, while our students are so ready to fold their hands idly and make no effort to develop their powers in this line, they will not find tongues of fire falling upon them from heaven to gift them with the eloquence of the giants of the past. But we rejoice at Mr. McNeill's success, not only because it confirms our own views of the position which the pulpit should and must occupy in the Church, but also because it affords yet another example in our own day of the power of resolution. It is Montesquien, we think, who says—

"c'est des difficultés que naissent les miracles."

And certainly, after looking up Mr. McNeill's record, we can scarcely refrain from agreeing with him. Some twelve years ago he was a collector on a Scotch railroad—to-day he stands as the accredited messenger of God to the most cultured congregation of the most exclusive people on earth. If this isn't a nineteenth century miracle, will some one please.

To come now to a practical application of all this. How may our students who have in view the ministry best develop the speaking power which, when supported by a well-trained mind, becomes such a force in the Church and in the world? Of course every college meeting in which they take part is a help to them. But, above everything else, the Alma Mater Society affords the best opportunities for systematic development in this line. Recognizing the supreme importance of this society in the development of our students, we have for seven years fought for a constitution which would enable us to carry on its debates and business along the lines which obtain in all properly constituted deliberative assemblies. To quote a French favorite—

"All things come to him who knows how to wait for them,"

and we have lived to introduce at last the constitution for which we labored so long. The new order of things will put every man who enters the Alma Mater upon an equal footing. All of its deliberations hereafter must be carried on upon the basis of Cushing's Manual of Parlia-

mentary Practice and Procedure, and of Dr. Bourinot's more extensive volume upon the same theme. The first mentioned work may be obtained for 35 cents, and every student in the university should immediately become the possessor of one. The details of the work may be mastered in half a day, and hereafter any gentleman who takes part in the business of our society must do so on as strict lines of propriety as if he sat in the Imperial House.

If all of our students for the Church will, for the remainder of this session, take part in the meetings of the Alma Mater, they will be surprised at the ease and force with which they will be able to express themselves in public at the session's close. It may be objected that many of us have no time for the Saturday night meeting. But this statement is based upon a wholly false conception of university life and work. We yield to no one in admiration of mental culture and thorough scholarship; but with all deference to the opinions of other men, we claim that there can be no such thing as thorough culture in the case of a man who, however great his learning, cannot express himself in public as well as a common street Arab.

Such men may think that they are a credit to their university. Perhaps they are—in their way: but it is a very imperfect way. It certainly is not the way for any graduate of a Canadian university. We want, it is true, great thinkers in the Church, and indeed in every department of our national life; but we want much more great speakers. To take some of the men, for example, who have contributed most largely to the development of the mental and moral life of the world during the last half century. There have been, doubtless, men without number who thought Henry Ward Beecher's thoughts as well as he. But Mr. Beecher had, which they lacked, the power of expressing these thoughts in a peculiarly powerful and pleasing way. Hence the name of Mr. Beecher is that of a prophet in Israel, and they are unheard of. There is nothing very remarkable or startling or original in the theology of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. But Mr. Spurgeon has a strikingly original way of expressing his theology, and Mr. Spurgeon is a pillar of light and a tower of strength in the whole Christian Church; while hundreds of other men, with his theology, are unknown. Mr. Gladstone's ideas on home and imperial policy are by no means original. Dozens of other men have just as good thoughts on these subjects as he; but these men—who knows them? And so it is all along the line. What we want is not men with good thoughts—but men who, having good thoughts, can give them to the people of the world in such a way that they will make them theirs. And the place in which to learn to express your thoughts in such a way is the Alma Mater Society. It is Demosthenes, we think, who says: "No man becomes an orator save at the expense of his hearers."

If this be true, it is better to become one at the expense of our fellow-students than at that of the world. In the first place, they will not realize the fact so clearly; and, in the second, they will listen with a good deal more patience than would the world.

We have received from Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen "The Spanish Armada—a ballad of 1588," and "Edward, the Black Prince." The former is in pamphlet form of some twenty pages, and is a cleverly written piece of verse very much after the style of Tennyson's *Revenge* and Browning's *Herve Riel*. We quote the first ten stanzas of the ballad in our literary column. The review of the "Black Prince" we shall defer to our next issue. Mr. Sladen is one of the young bards of Australia, and if he will pin less hope to Tennyson and more to himself, he will yet give us something worthy of the great colony which he represents.

We have just received the *Canada Presbyterian*, for the first time since the session began. We had begun to think it had forgotten us. It comes out in a new and enlarged form, and is one of the ablest church-papers in the country. Indeed, there is no better. Its editorials have a hearty common-sense ring about them which is refreshing in our times, and from the first page to the last it is a model journal. In an article upon the Jesuit bill it strikes at the root of the trouble when it says that if the constitution which came into existence at Confederation is to be retained at the cost of such bills as this, "the sooner it goes to pieces the better." Our readers will forgive us, we hope, if we pause to add—"Amen!"

We have received from the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M. A., of St. John, New Brunswick, "A Lectionary for the Home and Sanctuary." For the benefit of our readers we submit the 1st lesson, that for Jan. 1st: Morning, Deut. xi; Evening, Rom. xii; Psalms xxvi, xxvii. By the method which the author has adopted the individual or family reads through the Psalms every three months, the New Testament in a year and the Old Testament in two years. We cannot forbear adding that it is the best thing in the line of a lectionary that we have ever seen. It ensures the systematic study of the Bible by the individual or the home circle, and in such a way as to give the best possible results. It cannot fail to be of immense benefit to all who will follow its methods. The lectionaries are in neat paper form and so small that they can easily be placed between the leaves of the smallest bible. The author has some still remaining and will dispose of them to our church and bible students at the cost price to himself. All who wish may order them of the JOURNAL at the rate of five cents apiece or fifty cents a dozen. We hope that every bible student in the University will procure one.

● ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ●

THE treatment which the recent temperance petition received at the hands of the City Council is a convincing evidence that the secret of electing true representatives of the people has not yet been discovered. This is a difficulty which seems to follow in the wake of public elections. People have not yet become careful enough in selecting their representatives—in distinguishing between the real man and the deceptive man, between he who has an interest in the good of the community and he who assumes such an interest as a cloak for his own self-seeking. Before an election it is the simplest thing in the world to find men who will pledge themselves if elected, to stand by the wishes of the people, but it is a very different thing to find men who will remain true to their pledges after they have been elected; yet we do not say that even this is an impossibility. Very few of the members of the City Council who voted against the temperance petition would have had moral courage enough to have done so a week before the election. At that time they had some object in appearing to be in harmony with the desires of the people, but now they are independent, and can afford to sacrifice the wish of over twelve hundred of the best and most respectable citizens to their own individual ends. If the temperance people had asked for something extreme and unreasonable—something, the granting of which might possibly be detrimental to the higher interests of the city—there would have been some excuse for the action of the Council; but, in the absence of such a possibility, their conduct is inexcusable. There is not a man of sound judgment in the city who would dare to say that the closing up of the lowest saloons would conflict with the higher interests of the city.

JUSTICE vs. TORONTO.

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S address before the University Council has created quite a sensation among those who are really interested in the advancement of higher education. Even ardent supporters of Toronto University have read it with astonishment. They can hardly allow themselves to believe that the charges contained in it are true—that the Minister of Education and the authorities of Toronto University could actually stoop to such grovelling trickery and contemptible discourtesy. Yet, what is to be done but believe? They have patiently awaited a reply from those accused; yes, they have even implored a reply—a clearing away of the charges, but in vain. The Minister of Education and the head-chariotcers of the Provincial University are serenely unmoved. There is not so much as a groan to be heard from them, though the blows are falling thickly and heavily upon them. If the letters published in the *Toronto Mail*, from all parts of Ontario, do not bring from these men an attempted explanation, or a straightforward, manly acknowledgement, we must conclude, as we have frequently

done before, that the Senate of the Provincial University is a most remarkable organism—an organism whose skin is too thick and callous to admit of much inward vitality. The undisturbed silence which it maintains at present, compared with its egotistical clamouring at other times, reminds us somewhat of old Reynard. When everything is still, he bravely and fearlessly comes forth into the clearing and howls as if he were the only creature worthy of existence, but when he hears a defiant dog in the distance, he quietly withdraws to his den to await a better opportunity for satisfying his cravings. It is, no doubt, humiliating for a dignified, self-sufficient, body of men to have to come forward and acknowledge charges which a half-manly schoolboy would blush to own. But we do not ask them to do so, if they can conscientiously deny them, and give the public satisfactory reasons for doing so. We only ask them to say guilty or not guilty, and surely this is not an unreasonable request. The Senate of Toronto University may, however, continue to maintain what seems to it a heroic silence—it may think that, owing to its magnanimity and surpassing greatness, it does not require to pay any attention to these charges—it may refuse to satisfy the curiosity of Queen's by answering. But we would like to remind the gentlemen of whom this honorable body is composed, that Queen's is not alone in demanding an answer. The thinking public demands an answer—the interest of higher education demands an answer—fair-play and justice demand an answer, and will obtain it even in their silence. Abuse may be answered by silence, but reasonable arguments require a different treatment. Before concluding, we would like to ask the honorable Minister of Education what he has to say for himself. If he believes in co-operation, as he apparently did while helping to hatch the Federation scheme, why does he not believe in it now? Why does he not do all in his power to establish a uniform matriculation, instead of discouraging those who are attempting to do so? If everything was to be obtained by complete co-operation, surely something, at least, would be gained by partial co-operation. By advocating the former and discouraging the latter, does not the Minister of Education appear to be inconsistent and untrue to principle—to be acting the hypocrite by advocating one thing and doing another? Surely he has not thrown away his old manly principles and become a cat's paw for the Senate of the Provincial University—a hook in the end of a stick by which these men can drag in what they are ashamed to go after themselves. If he desires to retain the respect and confidence of the public, he must remember that he is Minister of Education, not for the city of Toronto, but for the Province of Ontario, and that, therefore, the people of Eastern Ontario have a right to expect and demand justice from him. If the geography which he studied in his youth had only a map of the city of Toronto in it, then it would be well for him to ask Mr. Mowat to supply him with a geography which contains a map of the whole province, so that he may learn to understand the extent of his responsibility.

LITERATURE

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

I.

"NOW glory be to the Lord in Heaven
For his mercies on the sea !
And glory be to the men of Devon—
And all Englishmen" say we—
And all Scotsmen and all Irish :—
For they fought for England too,
And every Spaniard slew
Who fell upon their coasts and isles from Orkney down
Let the cannon beat the air. [to Clare.
And the joyous trumpets blare,
And the bells ring, ring to every town
Our glorious victory to crown.

II.

For He blew, and they were scattered
Off the sunny shores of Spain ;
And in our grisly channel,
Lo ! He woke the West again.
But our sailors love a breeze,
And the narrow stormy seas,
And they hailed the black South-Wester
As an angel of the Lord,
Who the vials of His vengeance
On the vaunting ice out-poured.

III.

What a battle of battle was this, with the wealth of the
world,
And the flower of its armies and ships on one little isle
hurled,
What marvel if it had been swept, from the hills to the
shore,
As though it went under the ice of the deluge once more ?
But the wind rose up out of the West, the wind of the
West,
Who rouses the steed of the storm-wave with wild, white
crest,
Which the Englishman curbs and rides,
Unblenched by its furious strides,
When he homes to the isle of his birth,
From the uttermost ends of the earth,
And loves of all steeds the best
The wind of the West
The steed of the storm-wave roused from its summer rest.

IV.

The Englishmen, lying at bay under Cawsand Head,
Leapt forth to bestride the storm at the foe's side,
And while the Spaniard reeled as his fierce steed sped,
The hounds of the sea tore his flanks till the waves
were dyed.

V.

Ye know the battle's tale—the Spaniards crowding sail,
Invaders—but invaded by these ban-dogs of the gale ;
To day the battle raging—with the English scarce assailed,

And dogging on the morrow—when the English powder
failed ;

But the Spanish crews were falling like dead leaves be-
tween their decks,

And the half their hulls were battered till they leaked
and logged like wrecks,

For the English shot came crashing through and through
their backs—as broad as turtles as they heeled and heeled
to lee ;

And their cannon on the larboard swallowed choking
draughts of sea,

And their cannon on the starboard tore the air with
fruitless prayer,

As the shot above our topsails flew and flew ;

While the channel, neath their scuppers, changed its
hue.

VI.

All day like lions roared the guns and like wild bulls the
breeze,

But with light hearts the Englishmen bestrode the plung-
ing seas,

And slashed and battered at the Dons until the dying
light,

Strange fears in the strange waters raised and spurred
the Dons to flight,

And our stout five who held their fleet before our powder
failed,

As one by one our guns were starved, could only—be
ontailed.

VII.

But a noble Capitana, as their galleons clashed together,
Grinding sides and crossing topmasts in the cruel channel
weather,

Lost her topmast and her bowsprit and lay crippled like
a knight

From his arrow-stricken charger hurled to earth in some
old fight.

Spur-entangled in his surcoat, crushed beneath his
armour's weight,

Were it death or were it bondage, he could only bow to
fate.

So the stately Capitana bowed—it chanced with small
disgrace,

For she fell to great Sir Francis last returning from the
chase.

VIII.

Safe within the roads of Calais, from the sea-dogs safe at
last,

With shorn plumes and battered chargers had the haunted
hunters passed.

Looking down his lordly galleons towering in long array,
Was it wonder that the Spaniard to his puffed-up heart
should say :

"Lo, the English—wolves and jackals—shall not dare to
fight us here,

They shall look upon our glory and be smitten with a fear

As a bird that flees destruction when a hand is on her nest,
Sees from far but dares not guard the ravished offspring
of her breast;
They shall flee to the horizon, while we lay upon their
coasts
Parna's Prince and Alva's pikemen to confound their
feeble hosts,
And with Mass at Canterbury and all London purged
with fire,
For our losses and their insults wring a debt of vengeance
dire."

IX.

Like a castle in the forest rose their fleet that summer
night,
With its stately masts and poops o'ertowering many a
tower in height.
And young nobles pacing proudly, fired for coming vic-
tories,
Dreaming one of blue-eyed captives, one of vengeance to
be his;—
When through the gloom began to loom
Dim shapes, that darker grew,
And then there came long tongues of flame,
And every Spaniard knew
That the fireships were upon them, —and they fled
Each one as he was able, slipping anchor, cutting cable
Without thought of where he sped to, so he sped.

X.

And the English drove among them, smiting here and
smiting there,
While the Spaniards smote the air
In their struggles to be free and out to sea;
And the flower of Spain were falling
Like the flowers in the hail:
And the lofty ships were crashing
Like old Elm-trees in a gale;
And the land was on their lee.

XI.

And our Seymons and our Howards
Added glory to their names,
To their grand old English names,
With the immemorial claims
Of a hundred olden fields
On their Shields.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

WE ran a little game, Sir, in the Fall of '88—
Days when I trod the downward path at a 2.20
guilt,
There was Sherb and Bunzie Dickl and a law-school
chump or two,
And three razzle-dazzle-dazzlers from the Class of '92.
We ran that little game, Sir, in the cloak-room's hallowed
shades,
In a dark sequestered corner, far from lynx-eyed Stephen's
raids,

And Bunzie was pap-tender and he doled the ivories
round,
As they tinkled on the benches with a soft melodious
sound.
On the second day the law-school chumps decided they
were through;
On the next the razzle-dazzlers from the Class of '92
Found that their goose was cooked, threw the sponge up
there and then,
And with tear-stained faces walked it to their uncle's
down-town den.
Then, indeed, began the battle that inspired this classic
verse,
Which yours truly has dashed down, in lines less elegant
than terse.
For through three-score hands, and jackers neither
quickly-scooped nor cheap,
We slung the cold bones round, Sir, in a way to make
one weep;
And we mopped our dripping foreheads, and we prayed
to Sutphen's shades,
And we shoveled out our shekels to the tune of five
straight spades.
Yet the fifth morn saw each hero rich with winnings he
had picked
From the dear departed gamblers, ere the classic pair
they kicked.
So we tried another jackpot and each brave put up his
cash,
While Sherb worked the latest shuffle, dealt the cards
out like a flash.
But a pair of Johns was lacking; then a brace of royal
girls,
Then the kings and then the aces, then again the knavish
churls.
Still, each deal, our hard-saved rocks were adding to that
goodly pile,
Till Sherb opened with a blue chip, and a sweet expectant
smile.
But he didn't draw his fortune and he couldn't stand the
paco,
Though his tailor's bill depended on the issue of that
race;
And I'll ne'er forget the tired look on his meek, angelic
face,
When he blanked his cards to blank, Sir, and accepted
the last pace.
But the betting still continued at a rate quite far from
slow;
I watched Bunzie's careworn visage, and thought four
kings had some show—
Thought the dear boy might be bluffing, till my wealth
lay on the board,
And the whispered words, "I call you," came then of
their own accord.
Then my weary back grew weaker and my fiery eye grew
dim,

For his straight flush to the nine spot seemed to make my chances slim.

To the Buckingham went Banzie, just to take a single ball ;

I was more in need of three balls, though my drinking powers are small.

Yes, I've seen my moral nature and I've raised it, too, of late,

Since I waltzed along the downward path, that fall of '88, And those dancing days are over, and all poker games I flee,

Since Banzie and my wealth together polked away from me.—*Columbia Spectator.*

THE DEVIL.

MEN don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers used to do ;

They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His Majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow

To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,

And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain ?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of Hell,

If the Devil isn't and never was ? Won't somebody rise and tell ?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pits for his feet ?

Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows the wheat ?

The Devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true ;

But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do ?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now ; But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row

To be heard at home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,

If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found ?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow and show

How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up ? We want to know.

The Devil was fairly voted out and, of course, the Devil's gone ;

But simple people would like to know who carries his business on ?

---Hough.

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 74.)

IN the midst of the turmoil a huge Government dredge was calmly anchored, bidding defiance to waves and current to dislodge her. We wondered first how on earth human design could keep her in position, and secondly how on earth we were going to avoid a collision, for she lay directly in our path. A shout from the pilot, "En arriere !"—an answering pull at the unwieldy oars that were worked beautifully in unison by the crew—and we shot by her so close that one could have touched her sides with a boat-hook. We were soon at the foot of the chute, and turned to see how the other drabs were faring. One by one they hove in sight and came majestically down, sweeping past the dredge with a disdainful sort of air, and, after the tug like an old chicken had gathered us all under her wing, we made fast the tow rope and were taken to a sheltered little cove by the name of Douglas' Bay, where the rest of the Sabbath was to be spent. The men, like good Christians, object to working on the seventh day, and the owners, whether they like it or not, have to yield to this praiseworthy principle. Douglas' Bay did not impress us very violently with its scenery, and, when we heard that we were to remain *in statu quo* for the next twelve hours, we felt exquisitely glum. However, we unloosed our bloodhound and went on shore to stretch our legs. From the top of a hill, about a couple of miles from the raft, there was a magnificent view to be had of the surrounding country. Between two woody islets far off to the right we could catch a glimpse of the famous "Long Sault" rapids. These rapids are nine miles long, that is, the steamboat channel. Near Dickinson's Landing the river divides into two separate arms, called respectively the "North Sault" and the "South Sault." The first of these is a very formidable rapid, and has seldom been attempted in safety. A raft could never live in its embrace, and powerful steamers would suffer considerably from the mountainous waves and treacherous whirlpools. One of the most marvellous escapes on record, in connection with the rapids, was told us by one of the pilots. A woodscow that had been tied up to a wharf just above the Fork, broke loose from her moorings and, before rescue could arrive, was seen to enter the channel at the North Sault. There was no one on board but an old woman, and she, poor thing, was known to be down in the cabin, probably unaware of her fearful danger. Crowds of people assembled on the banks and breathlessly watched the mad career of the ill-fated scow. Wave after wave broke over her and smashed in the bulwarks, yet after each blow she was seen to struggle on. Sometimes she would wholly disappear from view, only to re-appear, shaking herself like a Newfoundland dog. What she encountered may be gathered from the fact that some of the waves reached to the crossbeams on her mast. During the whole of this terrible trip the old woman never once appeared. Finally, to the amazement

and delight of all, the scow was seen to emerge from her wild bath and float quietly into calmer water, where a host of friends eagerly scoured her and lifted out the heroine of the adventure, more dead than alive. After listening to the narrative we both devoutly trusted that no adverse fate might lead us on the morrow into the wrong channel. When we returned to the raft we found all hands in bathing—all, except Moses and Jim Tice. The latter had tucked his lip comfortably away under his arm, and, with his everlasting pipe, was watching, in scornful silence, the antics of his companions. Catch him risking his health by any such hare-brained folly as washing himself! We were greatly disgusted with the cowardice of these Frenchmen in the water. No power could persuade them to venture in above their waists, and there they were ducking and splashing like a lot of little girls in the surf at Old Orchard. It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the character of their vocation and the constant dangers to which they are exposed, not a man on the raft could swim ten feet! This is a lamentable state of affairs, concluding largely, no doubt, to the natural repugnance to encountering water in any form that we had noticed among them. We turned away and sought consolation at the table d'hôte, where a sumptuous repast awaited us. Moses, certainly, is a capital "chef," and some of his dishes are fearfully and wonderfully made. Before experimenting on a new one I was always careful to take a look round and see if Spot were still alive. "Fox terrier à la maitre de caboose" would have tickled Moses immensely. We swam over to the tug that afternoon, but were unable to sport our manly forms on board, as there was a "lady" cook, and it was feared she might object. It occurred to us afterwards, while pondering over the unaccountable modesty of this woman, that it did not seem superlatively good form to pay afternoon calls with nothing on but a straw hat and tennis shoes! So back we had to swim. In the evening, however, we got ourselves up to the nines, and, with Spot and the banjo, rowed over to make the *amende honorable*. Here we found an equally appreciative audience, some of whom could really sing well. After exchanging a few college glees for their beautiful songs, one of the crew produced an accordion, and then the fun began. We tuned up together and fairly shook the old steamer from stem to stern. Just before going to sleep that night, S— remarked in a penitent tone of voice, "I say, this hasn't seemed much like Sunday to me! How are you on the subject?" I replied that I was precisely of his way of thinking, and hoped that Providence would not send us, for our sins, into the North Sault. "For Heaven's sake, don't suggest such a thing," gasped S—; "do you want to keep a man awake all night?" And, as if overcome with horror at the bare idea, he immediately fell fast asleep. Next morning, bright and early, we were up and dressed. A number of men had come on board to help work the oars, and a white-whiskered old man was perched on a box, giving

his orders in French and English with a little Canhwaga thrown in to give a snap to the mixture. The steamer now left us and went on ahead. At a signal from the pilot we cut loose from the other drams and, with a few strokes of the oars, were out into the current. It was some fifteen or twenty minutes before we reached the Fork, and when we did reach it we saw what we might expect if we swung into the wrong water. A vista of gigantic billows, some of which were as tall as the fir trees on the banks beside them, broke upon our view. The effect when several of these monsters clashed was superb. The foam was dashed to a terrific height, and the whole thing resembled the pictures one has seen of the explosion of a submarine torpedo. We fortunately escaped the danger, and were swept into a narrow passage very like an aggravated mill race. It could not have been more than fifty feet wide in some places, and the shore, instead of rising abruptly out of the water, shelved gently down. It was now that the skill of the pilot and promptitude of the men were put to the test. The slightest swerve would send us hopelessly aground, and the drams behind us would dash us and be dashed to fragments. When it is remembered that the bed of the channel was one series of sharp turns and bends, that, on each side of us, there was a backwater tearing past in a diametrically opposite direction to that of the main stream, the extreme difficulty of conducting the unwieldy logs through in safety may be readily conceived.

It took us a little over half-an-hour to drift the nine miles, which was pretty fair going. We found the tug waiting for us at the foot of the rapids, ready to pick up stragglers. Captain Gignac, of the tug, and Aimé were eagerly watching the points round which the others must soon appear. They were anxious about the oak drams. The latter are built of square oak logs, and are extremely heavy and hard to manage. They are submerged some six inches, owing to the density of the wood, and draw from three to four feet of water. The men who man them usually strip to a pair of breeches, as they are often up to their necks in water. The first thing they do on starting is to rig up a contrivance like parallel bars, and when they see a big wave coming or a bad dip, they drop the oars and rush helter-skelter to the friendly bars and hang on for dear life until the danger is past. The place we were now in was a large bay about three miles wide and apparently land-locked. I could not have pointed out an opening to save myself, and, when the drams had all come down and were dotting the bay in every quarter, the scene was worthy of an artist's brush. It was a tedious job collecting the drams, and consumed the greater part of the morning, but everything comes to him who waits, and finally we felt once more the familiar wrench that happens when the tow-rope tightens, and once more we were on our way.

There was a long stretch now before us to Coteau, the next rapid, and we proceeded to make the most of it. We put up a lunch in a basket—launched the boat,

whistled Spot in—told Moses we would see him in Quebec (D.V.), and hoped he would not drink up *all* the champagne—hoisted the sail and away we went with a splendid breeze, heading directly for that well-known place—"The Lord-only-knows where." There were several camps along the shore, to each of which we paid our respects. It was a curious enough place to choose for a camp—no boating, with the current, and not much fishing from all accounts. But they live well, the campers in these parts, and are hospitable to sharing the last oyster. The channel widened as we sailed on and soon expanded into a large lake, which we made up our minds to cross. We hadn't the faintest idea where the outlet was, but chose a blue streak of land away over on the other side that seemed "likely." The wind had begun to blow quite fresh, and we made everything snug for the voyage—stowed the grab in the fish box, got out our Mackintoshes, and put Spot in the bow to look out for snags. By this time we had left the raft two or three miles in our rear, and could just see the smoke of the tug among the distant trees. We bowled along merrily, going a little out of our course to meet a steamer coming our way. This proved to be the "Johnson," of Garden Island, whose captain and crew we knew quite well. Their look of amazement as we passed was pretty rich. "What in thunder are you fellows doin' here?" "Where are you bound for?" "Are you going all the way?" "Well, if this don't beat the Jews!" A perfect volley of questions was fired at us after they caught their breath, but, by the time they had finished asking, we were too far away to answer. That point was further off than we suspected, and, by the time we reached it, the tow was nowhere to be seen. Here was a kettle of fish! Like shipwrecked mariners, we began to calculate how long our provisions would last, and had just decided that, with strict economy, Spot and the sandwiches would keep body and soul together for about thirty-six hours, when we rounded the point and spied, at the end of a long narrow bay, a little village nestling in the hills. "Hurrah," I yelled, "let's go and see where we are." "Hold on," said S—, "there's a man plunging, let's go and ask him." "Right you are, but who's going to do the asking, and what's the French for Hallo?" "You can ask him," replied S—, calmly; "do you want my hand-book?" With an infinite amount of labor we constructed a sentence that, we flattered ourselves, would paralyze any son of Gail with its rhetorical beauty, and, having learned it off by heart, we approached the in-offensive husbandman. "Now for it," whispered S—, when we were near enough. I rose, and with a polite bow, lifted my hat and opened fire: "Hola, mon ami! Il fait beau temps n'est-ce pas? Fil vous plait pourriez-vous nous dire ce que l'on appelle ce village là au gauche?" We breathlessly awaited his reply, for we were afraid he would speak so fast we shouldn't understand him, and we could not, for the life of us, have told him to go slowly. The man stopped plunging, looked at us ans-

piciously and, with a brogue as broad as the Atlantic ocean, said: "Av ye'll spake a dacent tongue may be I'll answer ye." I collapsed like a wrung-out towel into the bottom of the boat, and on regaining consciousness found myself propped up against a seat with a sandwich in each hand. I didn't catch the first remark of my friend, but it was something about a "ruling passion" strong somewhere. S— informed me that, with his modest little Anglo-Saxon, he had ascertained that the village was St. Ignace—close to Coteau, and that we were now on our way to meet the mail boat from Kingston. I jumped up and looked across the lake, and sure enough there was the "Corinthian," with the raft just behind her, about a mile ahead of us. We spent that night at Coteau. It was too late to run the rapids, and we needed some supplies. So after tea S— and I, with Louis, the foreman's son, rowed over to St. Ignace. Although we waited expressly to have a look at a typical Lower Canadian village, somehow St. Ignace did not quite fill the bill. It was a frightfully dirty hamlet, quite innocent of decent sidewalks, and apparently invested by an army of unruly children, who were jabbering, fighting and rolling in the gutters at every corner. "P'tits crapauds," cried Louis as he rapped a lot of them over the heads with his knuckles, an act which elicited from the injured ones a torrent of the choicest patois, expressive of their intense indignation. We beat a hasty retreat and pulled our well-laden craft back to the landing. That night, for the first time since we left Garden Island, we were bothered by mosquitoes. I firmly believe they were allies of those St. Ignace youngsters come to torment us. But the night was so perfectly still and the anchorage so close to the low marshy shore that I suppose they were to be expected. After the light was put out, however, and we were all quiet, they became less troublesome, and very soon we were in the arms of "Porpus."

(To be continued.)

COLLEGE NEWS.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

TWO articles have recently appeared in this column, dealing respectively with the Y. M. C. A. and the A. M. S. Whether all will agree with the allegations and insinuations in these articles or not, we fancy no thoughtful student will hold that these societies are all that they should be, or even all that they might easily be made. Now, it is no doubt much easier to stand aside and criticise them, than to throw ourselves heartily into the work and do our level best to make the societies better; but we think there can be but one opinion as to which course is the more honorable.

It is assumed here that no one will question the importance of the work which these societies professedly aim at accomplishing.

Occupying different spheres, and seeking to cultivate different aspects of the man, they fill a place in college life which nothing else can. In each, opportunities are afforded for developing certain phases of our nature which no earnest student can afford to neglect. There may be and doubtless there are exceptional cases where a student cannot give much attention to either of these societies, but, speaking generally, it may be safely asserted that the student who graduates without having taken an active part in the work of both, makes a grave mistake. "But," it may be objected, "if these societies are what they have been represented in the previous articles, what is the use of attending the meetings?"

We answer the objection by recalling the remark of the old deacon: "If God wants a church in Harbourside He has got to build it of the timber that grows there." These societies are perforce composed of those students who are willing to give the time required to attend the meetings, and the labor necessary to prepare for taking part in them. They are the best timber available.

If more students would attend, *perhaps* better timber could be secured. This at least is clear: if all students would attend who ought to do so, the societies would be composed of the best material the college produces.

What, then, is the duty of every loyal student of Queen's? Simply to consider the meetings of these societies at least as important as a lecture, and that consequently, not less than 80 per cent. of the meetings should be attended. Further, that as much time should be given to prepare for taking part in the meeting as is given to prepare for an average lecture. If this be done there will be very much less cause for complaint, either as regards the societies, or as regards their meetings; and, what is of much more importance, there will be very much less of a fault-finding spirit. Veritas sap.

IN AND ABOUT THE ROYAL.

THE dates of the Medical examinations, together with the names of examiners appointed, have been posted up. "Writings" will be held March 19th to 23rd inclusive, and the orals to begin March 25th.

As the close of another session in the Royal draws near, final students begin to wonder whether they must again wait till the last week in April for their degrees. Hitherto members of the graduating class have been obliged either to bear the expense and inconvenience of waiting about town for a month, or to strike out after exams. for their selected location, whither, in process of time, a crumpled roll of parchment may find its way.

We believe it is customary in other medical schools in Canada and elsewhere to confer degrees within at least a week after examinations. In the Royal this would mean about April 1st or 2nd. If the Senate has not already taken steps to bring this about, there is abundance of time yet this session to arrange for a separate medical Convocation.

Although we believe that, taken as a whole, we have one of the very best conducted medical schools in the Dominion, yet there are a few minor points in which we hope to see some improvement another session. As an instance of this kind, may be mentioned the amount of time wasted daily between classes, varying from 10 to 20 minutes after almost every lecture. At close of class, some few of the most industrious students may be seen in a quiet corner—if they can find one—studying notes, or "grinding" each other over past work. Others again take the opportunity for visiting the dissecting room and freshening their memories there.

But the majority are not in the humor for this sort of work. If they were in their rooms with their text-books they would be hard at it, but just at this time they feel they should be listening to lectures, and effective work in other lines cannot well be done. Undoubtedly much valuable time is lost in this way—time which could be well employed by our professors in further explanations of difficult parts of their subjects, or in reviewing some of the previous work of the session.

As remedies for this state of things we would suggest that those who applaud so vigorously in the back seats be vigorously discouraged, rather than encouraged, as is now too often the custom. Then a good clock which could be depended upon, and the systematic ringing of gong or bell exactly at the hour and five minutes past, would go a long way towards accomplishing the desired end. However it may be brought about, we are sure such a reform would be gladly welcomed by all.

PERSONALS.

HARRY LEASK, B.A., '88, is in the law office of Henderson, Thompson and Bell, Toronto. Fred Young, B.A., '86, is there also, and J. Hales, '88, is with Cassells and Cassells.

James Kirk, B.A., was seen around the halls last week. Jimmy thinks he will try dentistry.

Rev. Allan McRossie has been removed from Corona, N. Y., to a wider field of usefulness.

Dr. Dan Cameron visited us last week. He was on his way to Philadelphia. Call again, Dan.

Mr. Watson, '92, was in the city and attended our Y. M. C. A. meeting 8 Feb. He is teaching school near Pittsburg.

Herb. Mowat, LL.B., has accepted a responsible position in a law office in Toronto. J. Skinner, B.A., takes his place in Kingston.

Miss Crane, M.D., of Smith's Falls, has passed the exams. of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Will Morris is junior member in the flourishing young firm of Baldwin and Morris, Manning Arcade, Toronto. Will is renewing his youth like the eagle, for we saw him last week; but he still sings "My heart's my ain!"

James R. Hutcheon, '90, gave us a call the other day. James is getting to look very ministerial, and has grown quite a lot since he left us.

We sympathize sincerely with University College in the death of Professor Young. Canada can ill afford to lose so eminent a scholar and so earnest a seeker after truth.

A. G. Hay, '89, was the representative to McGill this year at their annual dinner. He represented Queen's well, and in a neat little speech conveyed the greetings of his Alma Mater. Arthur thought a lot of Montreal, and is never tired rehearsing the wonderful sights he saw on Mount Royal.

The Brampton Presbyterian Church have unanimously called Rev. Alfred Gaudier, M.A., to the pastorate of their congregation. Mr. Gaudier is a young minister of great promise, having passed a highly creditable course at Queen's University. He is at present in Edinburgh, Scotland.—*Ec.*

The above is quite true. Alf. is no stranger here. We know him as a scholar and as a preacher, and Queen's is proud of him.

Y. M. C. A.

MR. COLE, the association's travelling secretary, visited our college on Feb. 15th. He is seeking men to fill positions as general secretaries, in town and city Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the Dominion. This position affords ample opportunities for doing much good work among young men, and the Association guarantees a good salary.

The class in Church history meets no more this session.

At a meeting of the Missionary Band on Saturday, Feb. 16th, two interesting papers were read. The South Sea Islands and their relations to missions and missionaries, formed a subject, with which Miss M. McCallum, of the W. M. C., dealt quite ably. Mr. John McC. Kellogg's paper gave a pleasing account of the life and work of his uncle, Dr. Inglis, missionary in Aueitium.

There has been a tendency of late years to allow the Friday evening meetings to dwindle down considerably during the spring months. The reason, probably, is press of work. Is it a good one? Surely this falling away may be avoided. Three quarters of an hour spent in mutual heart-stirring is gain, not loss. No student can afford to miss the enjoyment and the help to be derived from our weekly meeting, especially now, when perhaps more than at any other time spiritual impetus is needed.

Let us have large meetings right along till the close of the term, and let us come to them with as much enthusiasm and pleasure as we did four months ago. Regarding our use of time it is true that "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

THE JUBILEE FUND.

WE published last session the Kingston and Toronto subscriptions to the Jubilee Fund. In this number we give the Ottawa and Montreal lists, and hope to have others for our next. All should be supplied to us, for as the names are to be permanently associated with Queen's, they should appear first in the JOURNAL. Our readers—admittedly the best friends of Queen's in the country—should know, in order that they may honour, the Stalwarts who rallied round the flag and bled for us, at a time when talk was especially cheap. The total from Kingston was \$77,770, and from Toronto \$41,565. Ottawa and Montreal come next.

OTTAWA LIST.

Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., LL.D.	\$10,000
McLeod Stewart, B.A.	2,500
James Isbester	2,500
John Schultz, M.D.	1,000
Allan Gilmour	1,500
W. Dale Harris	500
E. H. Bronson, M.P.P.	500
Robert Bell, LL.D.	500
Sir James Grant, M.D.	500
Paterson & Law	500
James Gordon	500
Geo. L. B. Fraser, B.A.	200
John I. MacCracken, B.A.	200
Geo. F. Henderson, B.A.	250
F. H. Chrysler, B.A.	200
James Gibson	100
Charles Bryson	100
John Page	100
D. B. MacTavish, M.A.	100
A. MacLean	100
W. T. Herridge, B.D.	100
J. Thorburn, LL.D.	100
D. Mathewson	100
R. Donaldson	100
J. A. Grant, B.A.	100
J. Durie	100
J. F. Booth	100
C. G. Booth	100
Alexander Stewart	100
Robert Marks, M.D.	100
Thomas Potter, M.D.	100
A. J. Horsey, M.D.	100
Hiram Robinson	100
E. Miall	100
D. O'Connor	100
C. O'Connor	100
J. A. Genmill	109
Mrs. Jane Horsey	50

MONTREAL AND LACHINE LISTS.

Andrew Allan	\$ 5,000
Thomas A. Dawes	2,500
R. G. Reid	2,500
J. Burnett	1,000

James P. Dawes.....	\$ 1,000
James Barclay, M.A.....	500
Robert Campbell, D.D.....	500
D. MacMaster, Q.C.....	500
A. G. McBean, B.A.....	500
Hugh MacKay.....	500
A. T. Drummond, LL.B.....	500
Mrs. James Johnston.....	500
Mrs. J. Aitken.....	500
A. F. Gault.....	500
Colin McArthur.....	500
Alexander Ewan.....	500
James F. Cantlie.....	500
Hugh McLennan.....	500
John Morrison.....	500
John C. Watson.....	500
John Hope.....	500
Andrew J. Dawes.....	500
Jane Dawes.....	250
M. Stewart Oxley, B.A.....	100
James Bennett, M.A.....	100
J. J. Douglass, M.D.....	100
Ex-Mayor Beaupre.....	100
D. G. Thompson.....	100
A. F. Riddell.....	100
Erwin McLennan.....	100
Mrs. McDougall.....	100

OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Considering the unpleasant weather, a large audience assembled in Convocation Hall on Friday evening to listen to the Principal's lecture on "Our Next Door Neighbors in Japan."

Mr. R. V. Rogers occupied the chair, and in a graceful speech introduced the lecturer, who, on rising, was received with warm applause. The Principal began his lecture by showing the geographical position of Japan, and then went on to speak of the political revolutions of that country, from 1853-71 in particular.

He gave us an interesting account of his recent visit, telling, among other things, of his meeting with the Prince Imperial. The prince is nine years of age, and is attending the Noble school at Tokio. He is the 124th Mikado in a direct line, the first Mikado dating back as far as B.C. 660.

The lecture was very interesting throughout, and gave the audience a very intelligent idea of the history of a country of which generally so little is known. The Glee Club sang a couple of patriotic songs throughout the evening.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDougall Street, New York.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE seniors held a caucus the other day to make arrangements about their dinner.

P. A. McLeod is able to attend classes again.

J. F. McFarlane, '89, has left on a short vacation.

The boys are nearly through talking about Prowler.

Why don't we have some choruses between classes?

We are glad to announce that Harry Mitchell, '89, is recovering.

The boys must be studying very hard. Scarcely a sound is heard through the halls.

We have at last got a Glee Club started. Let every member turn out to the regular practices.

T. H. Farrell will receive subscriptions for JOURNAL at any time.

A. K. McNaughton, '90, was compelled to leave us on account of ill-health.

W. F. Gillies made a flying visit to Gananoque Feb. 16. This will never do, Will.

The Telgmann orchestra favored the Alma Mater with a selection on Saturday, Feb. 9th.

W. Hayes, '90, was unable to attend classes for a few days. He was suffering from nervous affection.

We welcome back Geo. T. Copeland, '89, who has been at home some time with inflammation of the lungs.

Some students are in the habit of scribbling on notices that are posted on our board. If these gentlemen are wise they will take our advice and drop it.

Our secretary wishes us to state that overwork in making out receipts was not the cause of his sickness, but, on the contrary, he says quite a number have not yet paid the necessary.

The collectors of 10 cent pieces have been pretty busy since Xmas. It would be advisable to take up one more collection to get a new horse for the snow plough and give the old one a ride.

A couple of weeks ago a number of students were seen leaving the college carrying torches. They were out for a snow-shoe tramp. Anybody can catch a cold now. The conundrum is to let it go.

It is about time the Snow-shoe Club should be getting into shape. Last year this organization was a very lively one, and a great deal of fun and exercise was indulged in by the members. We hope the lovers of this sport will get to work at once before the snow leaves us.

We wish we could sufficiently impress upon the Senate the necessity of a new sanctum for the JOURNAL. The room at present devoted to that purpose is poorly lighted, cold and uncomfortable, and it is only occasionally that the members of the staff can muster up sufficient enthusiasm and courage to venture into it. There are vacant rooms in the college building which would suit admirably, and we hope the Senate will see fit to grant our request.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

A WAIL FROM THE LADY MEDS.

WE are told to press onward and upward,
This is just what we do every day,
Rising nearer, still nearer, the town clock,
Looking forth o'er the city gray.

With our hearts beating high—we can't help it,
And gasping for breath as we go,
We climb up that long winding stairway,
Which has seventy-two steps as you know.

Yet we try very hard to enjoy it;
Our complainings are seldom and few;
The seniors train freshmen to love it,
And tell them how they used to do.

The second and third years speak loudly
In praise of improvements just made:
The blocks, shelves, and three ventilators,
For which they'd so earnestly prayed.

Yet if the stove smokes very badly,
When the wind doesn't blow the right way,
If the gas doesn't burn very brightly,
And its odor will not let us stay,

We take up our note-books and ink-stands.
And the Juniors say, "Freshies, don't mind,
Tho' we're all going down to the P'lice Court,
For Timmerman uses us kind."

Oh, 'tis then we have such ardent longings
To be nearer the Principal's care,
To have of his generous protection
A somewhat more beautiful share.

And now, who will blame us for asking
If the Toronto lady Med.
Has as tiresome a walk to her college,
And such a steep stairway to tread—

If she's sent to the P'lice Court for lectures
When the gas in her college won't burn,
If she's subject to such severe trials,
When an M.D. she's striving to earn.

But our professors and methods
Comparison never need fear,
Had we but a convenient building
We'd invite the Toronto Meds. here.

We're desirous our college should prosper,
That it should be second to none,
And be known throughout the Dominion
As the College "A" No. 1.

So we hope through the summer vacation—
E'er the fall term of college draws nigh—
That our worthy trustees will locate us
In a place not perched quite so high!

OUR SOCIETY'S DOINGS.

WE are actively endeavouring to make our parlour as attractive and comfortable as possible. When it was first given to us last autumn the only furniture of any importance belonging to it, besides a few benches and a blackboard, was the beautiful view from the windows overlooking the lake, and though we greatly appreciated these, we decided that something more was necessary to give the room a luxurious or at least a cosy appearance. With this end in view, during the Christmas holidays certain work was assigned to each one of us, and, as a result, the walls have lost their former barren appearance, being now ornamented with brackets, panels, and many other bits of fancy work. Lately, too, a thoughtful friend presented us with a book-case and two chairs, which articles were greatly needed.

We are not rich, so must move slowly; but the time is not very far away when our room will be the most comfortable and attractive one in the college—not excepting the JOURNAL Sanctum. Following the example of our brother students we will in future decorate our walls with photographic groups of lady graduates in arts, and are at present collecting the photographs of those who have already secured their degree, carefully and religiously excluding, however—we say this in confidence and for the benefit of the authorities—those of our gentlemen friends.

Queen's has 52 lady undergraduates at present attending classes, 33 of these being in arts, and the rest in medicine. This number is larger than any other university in Ontario.

Since writing the above we have been presented with a number of beautiful pictures, for which we return cordial thanks to the generous donor.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WE understand that there are one or two students who object to some of our "too pointed and merciless jokes." We are glad to say that such complaints are very seldom heard, and that nearly all the "victims" take their doses good naturedly and without a squel. Perhaps in a few cases we have been, unintentionally, rather hard, but if we have offended we have done so, as one of our brothers in the Royal would say, "not unwittingly," and we regret that they should have so misinterpreted our intentions as to have accused us of being unfair. If any man does not get dealt with in these columns it is because he is either perfect or beyond human aid.

We overheard a junior confidently informing an inquisitive freshman the other day that apologies meant "learning how to beg another fellow's pardon, don't you know."

It is rumored that the freshmen have an orchestra of seven pieces—one drum, one fiddle, two bones and three players. Is this so?

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF A RECENT MEETING
OF THE LOVE-ANNA SOCIETY.

Moved by —,

Seconded by —,

"That, owing to the kindness of the JOURNAL staff, and the deep, fraternal, interest which they have taken in the welfare of this society, we should and hereby resolve to give them a grand five o'clock tea as soon as we get our room furnished and recover the gymnasium fee."

Carried unanimously with great enthusiasm.

Moved by —,

Seconded by —,

"That we as a society do make up several hundred red and green striped flannel jackets, which may be sent at the earliest opportunity to those dear little children in Central Africa who are, we understand, perishing from cold." Carried unanimously amid sympathetic tears. The meeting then adjourned.

ECHOES FROM THE SOFA.

She was an undergraduate, and he—well, he wasn't. We received these brief reports from her youthful brother, to whom, however, for the information we had to give a penknife, six marbles and a catapult, for, as he says, "it's no fun squattin' bang up 'twixen the sofa and the wall listenin' to spoons."

She—Don ever read Kant, Algernon?

He—Well, ye-es, I have come across it in books, but—er—do you know, Eloise, I think it is almost as bad as hypocrisy.

She (dreamily)—I wonder what moves the universe, what subtle power holds the worlds together. Oh, that I might find out the true essence of being, without which life could not be.

He (a boarder)—Perhaps its—its—

She—It's what?

He—I was just thinking it might be—er—hash.

She—What do you consider the most sublime passage in Shakespeare, Algernon?

He—Well, I—I don't know a great deal about him, but from what I have read I think the finest thing was when—what's his name—Hamlet—said to—or—Portia, "Come into the garden, Maud."

She—I'm going to try for a Bachelor in Arts next spring.

He—Eh? Sa—ay, by George, Eloise—!

She—Why, what's the matter? I just said I was going up for my degree.

He—Oh! I—er—thought you were going to fire me for another fellow.

AN AWFUL POSSIBILITY.

She was a fair young sophomore—that's saying much, And learned in modern classic lore, both French and Dutch.

He was a young and bashful prof., a learned sage, But deep in love with this fair soph., not quite of age.

When'er her lips in class would frame, in accents sweet, The words *Ich liebe* or *je t'aime*, how his heart beat!

And so between them silently grew, fast and sure, Strong cords of love and sympathy, bound to endure.

Thus time wore on, and maid and prof. in doubt did sigh, Until one day the sage assayed his *Deutsch* to try.

Said he, "There is one noun, my dear, oft used with *Frau* Called *Ehegatte*. Let me hear you parse it now."

The maiden blushed, "No, do my best, I can't decline 'A husband' when by you addressed, professor mine.

Then, strange to say, the sage could not *Die Frau* decline And after all 'twas best, they thought, to give up tryin'.

So maid and prof. decided then to conjugate— May they allow us to attend their wedding fete.

Epilogue.

You ask, with great agility, "Is this all true?"

"Merely a possibility," we answer you.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

WE can learn some of them' fellars grammar.

J. D—P.

I rise on a question of privilege. C. J. C—M—R—N.

Is this in order, Mr. Chairman? R. SH—W.

Oh, never mind the change. F. C. L—V—RS.

I havn't seen a girl for a month. W. H. C—R—TT.

I'm not afraid of the Y.M.C.A. S. G. ROBERTS.

Did you see me carrying chairs one Sunday night?

J. H. M—D—S.

I'm not going to any more shines.

W. F. G—LL—S.

Why don't the Senate provide us with gowns?

CONVOCATION CHOIR.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,

Britons never shall be slaves.—*Old Song*.

C—SG—VE.

The visitor to the hospital this week will be Rev. J. A. Reddon.

HOSPITAL BULLETIN.

I am sorry I went to the station now when so many went.

J. M. F—RR—LL.

I wouldn't give up my Friday evening class now for any price.

G. BR—DL—Y.

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